



# How the Ladies Earned Their Dollar

Price, 25 Cents



**WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY**  
**BOSTON**

# WIGS

## AND OTHER HAIR GOODS

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*State Color Wanted on Hair Goods.*

Full Beard on Wire.....	\$1.50	Side Whiskers on Gauze..	\$1.00
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Chin Beard on Gauze, 6 in.		Throat Whiskers on Gauze	1.10
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Chin Beard on Gauze, 4 in.		Santa Claus Beard on	
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Chin Beard on Wire.....	.75	Mustache on Gauze.....	.30
Tramp Beard on Cambric		Goatee on Gauze.....	.30
(black and brown only) .	1.25		

### MEN'S WIGS

*State Color Wanted on Hair Goods.*

Dress, with parting, all		Modern Japanese .....	5.00
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"Uncle Josh" .....	6.00	chamois top .....	5.00
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Irish, chamois top.....	6.00	With 3 knobs.....	2.00
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Crop, Red and Blond....	4.50	strels, etc. ....	1.25
Other colors .....	4.25	Negro, Old Man, White	
Court or Colonial.....	\$5.50	or Gray .....	2.25
Indian .....	6.00	Negro, Bald, White or	
		Gray .....	3.25

### LADIES' WIGS

*State Color Wanted on Hair Goods.*

Soubrette, all colors.....	\$6.50	Court or Colonial.....	\$8.50
Old Maid, all colors.....	9.00	Indian Girl .....	6.00
Irish Biddy .....	9.00	Negro Mammy .....	3.00
Sis Hopkins .....	6.50	Topsy .....	2.25
Creme Hair, Different colors, for making mustaches, etc.			
Per yard, .45; half yard.....	.25		

In ordering Wigs give Size of Hat. State Color Wanted on Hair Goods. Wigs not rented but made to order. Usually goods can be sent by return mail, but it is best to allow a margin of two or three days.

C. O. D. orders must be accompanied by twenty-five per cent of price. Do not send order by telegraph on a few hours' notice.

All hair and make-up goods sent by mail or express prepaid, unless otherwise stated. Prices on hair goods subject to change without notice.

*Always send your orders to*

**WALTER H. BAKER CO., Boston, Mass.**

# How the Ladies Earned Their Dollar

Or

Mrs. Toploft's Scheme

By

ORISSA W. GLEASON

*Author of "How the Story Grew," "How the Club Was  
Formed," "Trouble in Santa Claus Land," "A Modern  
Sewing Society," "The Annual Picnic of the  
Muggsville Sunday School," etc.*



BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1922

# How the Ladies Earned Their Dollar

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Mrs. Toploft's Scheme

PS 635  
LA G5545

## CHARACTERS

MRS. HANNA SMART, *the President of the Society.*

MRS. MIRANDA KNOWALL, *the Secretary.*

MRS. MATILDA THRIFTY, *the Treasurer.*

MRS. SAMANTHA BLUNT

MRS. MARTHA EASYGOING

MRS. MARIA DOOLITTLE

MRS. BETSY TOPLOFT

MRS. PHOEBE RIGHTEOUS

MRS. PRUDENCE WISE

MISS OCTAVIA PRIM

MISS MOLLIE SENSIBLE

MISS DOROTHY UPTODATE

Mlle. HERMALINE FRANCAISE

} *Members.*

SCENE: Mrs. Smart's parlor.

TIME: Any convenient hour.

The reports read by the ladies need not be memorized. Read them from the book. Costumes should be adapted to the name and disposition of the character. Mrs. Toploft is fifty-five years old; Mrs. Wise is seventy; Miss Prim about forty-five; Miss Sensible twenty-five; Miss Uptodate and Mlle. Francaise about twenty. The others are middle aged.



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# How the Ladies Earned Their Dollar

## Or Mrs. Toploft's Scheme

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SCENE.—MRS. SMART'S *parlor*.

*(As the curtain rises all the ladies are assembled, talking and laughing. Much confusion. Clock strikes three. MRS. SMART raps on table in centre. They continue to talk. She raps again. They take seats, arranged about stage. MRS. SMART and MRS. KNOWALL at table in centre.)*

MRS. SMART (*with dignity*). Ladies of the Ashville Benevolent Society, you will please come to order. I am greatly pleased to welcome so many of you to my home this afternoon and trust that this will prove a profitable meeting to us all. (*Ahem.*) As you know, our society is not a church organization, but is open to all women of our village without regard to age, rank, race, creed or politics. (*Ahem.*) Our purpose is to help the poor, not only those in our own country but all over the world. Since the formation of our organization, less than a year ago, we have accomplished much good and done many charitable acts. (*Ahem.*) Thus far we have been able to send five dozen palm-leaf fans to the Esquimo children, four dozen red flannel shirts to the poor whites at Palm Beach, ten dozen paper roses to the "shut ins" in Mexico, and ten strings of wax beads to the women of the Near East. This will give you some idea of the

magnitude of our work. (*Ahem.*) We have also collected and sent to the illiterate miners in India much reading matter. These new publications were among the books sent, "The Proper Phraseology of the Words of the English Language as Used in the Best Society," "The Uplifting of the Lower Classes Through the Medium of Association," and "The Etiquette of the Cabaret as Compared with a Beacon Hill Banquet of 1776." Our work for the afternoon is the making of cheese-cloth dresses for the young married women of Greenland. These, we feel, will be an incentive to the development of the love for the beautiful which all women should (*Ahem.*) cultivate. (*Ahem. Ladies applaud.*) We will open our meeting by singing our Opening Ode.

(*She raps. Ladies rise and sing to the tune of "America."*)

O woman! 'tis for thee  
To work for char-i-tee  
With all your might!  
Long may this Club endure,  
To aid and help the poor,  
The sick and weak to cure,  
And comfort bring.

(*In singing they endeavor to pronounce the words plainly, but do not keep together, making it a farce.*)

MRS. SMART. I will now ask our Secretary, Mrs. Knowall, to call the roll. As there is a fine of five cents for being absent I feel that it is very important to be exact in this matter. (*Sits.*)

(*As MRS. KNOWALL calls the roll each member, with the exception of GRANDMA WISE, rises and bows to the President.*)

MRS. KNOWALL (*rising, speaks before calling the roll*). Madam President, I would have you understand that it is wholly unnecessary for you to remind me of the necessity of being exact in regard to the duties of my office. Right here let me say that if all the officers of this Soci-

ety were as painstaking as the Secretary, we might have more money in our treasury. I will now proceed to call the roll. Mrs. Hannah Smart, our honored President; Mrs. Miranda Knowall, the efficient Secretary, (*Puts down book and makes a very low bow to MRS. SMART.*) Mrs. Matilda Thrifty, our Treasurer; Mrs. Samantha Blunt, Mrs. Martha Easygoing, Mrs. Maria Doolittle, Mrs. Betsy Toploft, Mrs. Phoebe Righteous, Mrs. Prudence Wise, (*Who says, "Yes, I'm here."*) Miss Mollie Sensible, Miss Octavia Prim, Miss Dorothy Uptodate, (*Who bows with a military salute.*) Mlle. Hermaline Francaise. (*Who makes a low bow and throws a kiss to MRS. SMART.*)

MRS. SMART (*rises*). I am very glad to see that all of our members are present.

MRS. THRIFTY (*very indignant*). Well, I ain't! I do wish that somebody or other would stay at home once in a while so that we could get more money in our treasury. I don't know what Mrs. Knowall is a-flinging at me all the time about having more money. I guess I pinch what little we get about as *hard*, as *hard* as anybody could.

GRANDMA WISE. Land sakes alive, Matilda Thrifty! Don't you mind one word that Miranda Knowall says. She ain't wuth minding. Why, she wouldn't live if she couldn't slur somebody. I guess you are as niggardly with our money as you orter be, and a leetle grain more so.

MISS SENSIBLE (*rises*). How queer to intimate that Mrs. Thrifty is extravagant. I think she takes extra good care of the money of our society. I feel that more discrimination ought be used in the selection of the articles we purchase to send away and also we must be very careful to send them to proper localities.

MRS. KNOWALL. Miss Sensible, even though you do teach the children of this village, it is very unbecoming for you to criticize the conduct of your elders. I would have you know that I am chairman of that committee and necessarily the matter of selection and everything else pertaining to the committee's duties are done above reproach. You need trouble yourself no further.

MISS SENSIBLE. Beg pardon, Mrs. Knowall. Of course you know best. (*Laughs.*)

GRANDMA WISE. Perhaps she does and then again perhaps she don't. Humph!

MRS. SMART (*raps and rises*). Before proceeding I am very sorry to be obliged to speak about a little matter that I have had brought to my attention. Every member is expected to rise and bow to *me*, the President of the Ashville Benevolent Society, at roll call, and I am very, very sorry to see that *one* member never does.

GRANDMA WISE (*laughs*). Well, well, well, I s'pose you mean me, as I am the only one that don't get up and bow and scrape around like a Jack-in-the-box. I dun know as I want to make you feel so bad, Hannah, but I can tell you one thing. I shall never rise one inch from this chair to bow to you or nobody else. I jined this society to work for charity. I ain't no Jumping Jack.

MRS. SMART. We expect all of our members to conform to our rules.

GRANDMA WISE. Well, for goodness' sake, Hannah, go right on expecting. It won't hurt you none.

MRS. TOPLOFT. Madam President, I think perhaps we ought excuse Grandma. Age, you know, should be respected.

GRANDMA WISE. Yes, I'm old, I know, but I ain't ashamed on't. I suppose I might dolly up some, color my hair, paint my face red and daub some black on my eyebrows and rig up in showy clothes, same as some do, but, land sakes! it don't make much odds how you look if you're only clean.

MRS. TOPLOFT. I think personal allusions are in very bad taste. I move that we proceed with our meeting.

GRANDMA WISE (*laughs*). Well, well, shoe fitted, didn't it? I meant it should. Humph! Sixty and trying to look like sixteen. Poor critter!

MRS. SMART (*raps and rises*). I will now ask our Secretary to read the records of our last meeting.

MRS. KNOWALL (*rises and reads*). Ashville, April 12, 1922. The regular meeting of the Ashville Benevolent Society was held at the home of Miss Mollie Sensible. The roll call showed that all were present. The records



of the last meeting were read and approved, as I knew they would be as *I* do everything just right. The Treasurer, Mrs. Matilda Thrifty, reported that there was thirteen dollars and thirty cents now in the treasury. I sometimes wonder where all our money goes to. This being so small a sum and the call for money so great, plans were discussed for the raising of money. After much foolish and unnecessary talk, Mrs. Betsy Toploft spoke of a scheme that the ladies voted at once to adopt. The plan is not original with her, as she has known of its being tried in other places. I speak of this, as I think that Mrs. Toploft should have what little credit she deserves and no more. The meeting adjourned at five o'clock, after voting to hold the next meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. Hannah Smart. Respectfully submitted, Mrs. Matilda Knowall, Secretary of the Ashville Benevolent Society. (*Sits.*)

MRS. SMART (*rises*). Does any one see any errors in the records? If not, I —

MRS. THRIFTY (*angrily, as she rises and steps forward*). Yes, I do, or rather I'd like to speak a few remarks. That 'ere book that Mrs. Knowall writes her slush records in, cost twenty-five cents. I know all about it as I paid the bill at Barnard's. Now what I'd like to know is this. What right has she a-wasting the paper in that book a-blowing her own horn, a-telling how smart she is and a-twitting the other officers, who are ten times more worthy than she is? I'll take care of the money of this club without any of her help, and I won't have that book wasted that I paid a whole quarter for. So there!

MRS. TOPLOFT (*rises*). Madam President, I fully agree with what Mrs. Thrifty says and also with the spirit in which she says it. The records should not be tolerated. I feel that her remarks are an insult to us all.

(*Sits.*)

MRS. SMART. Any more remarks? Shall the records be approved?

GRANDMA WISE. Lor' yes! Approve them, do. Miranda will be as mad as a hatter if you don't, and what do they amount to anyway?

MRS. SMART (*raps*). The records are approved. Now I am going to ask Mrs. Toploft to go over again the plan we voted to adopt at our last meeting for the raising of money.

MRS. TOPLOFT (*rises and speaks haughtily*). Notwithstanding the rude and ignorant remarks of our Secretary, Mrs. Knowall, I feel that I am entitled to much praise for laying before our society my very clever scheme for raising money, the scheme that I unfolded to you at our last meeting. I have never engaged personally in this scheme but from what I have heard rumored about it it certainly is a grand, noble and philanthropic affair. It is this. Each member of our society was informed that before the meeting of to-day she must earn a dollar. Earn it, not beg it of her husband, as most of you probably have to do when you desire funds. The dollar was to be brought here to-day with a written account of how it was earned. This account is to be read before the society. In this way we shall, undoubtedly, replenish our depleted treasury and gain information both practical and valuable. (*Sits.*)

GRANDMA WISE (*leans forward and offers* MRS. TOPLOFT *smelling salts*). Here, Betsy, quick, smell of this! It will clean them big words out of your throat before they choke yer.

MRS. TOPLOFT. Thanks, but I want none of your vulgar remedies.

GRANDMA WISE. Hoity, toity! You don't say? Well, well, Betsy, there's lots of queer critters in this world.

MRS. SMART (*rises and raps*). Now, ladies, I think we all understand and are prepared for our afternoon's programme. I will ask Mlle. Francaise and Miss Up-todate to pass the sewing materials. We can sew and listen to the reports of the ladies at the same time.

(*Business of passing work. After supplying the others, one piece of the cheese-cloth is offered to* MRS. TOPLOFT.)

MRS. TOPLOFT. No, thanks. I never engage in such plebeian work as sewing.

GRANDMA WISE (*to whom another piece is offered*). Don't give any of them fol-de-rols to me; I don't know nothing about 'em.

MRS. SMART (*rises*). Now, ladies, as I call your names each one of you will please come forward, read your report and put your money into this basket.

MRS. KNOWALL. I think it will be a good plan for at least three of us to count the money before it is given to the Treasurer, in order to actually know how much we have. We can't be too careful about our money affairs.

MRS. BLUNT. Well, I hain't said nothing afore, but I've been a-thinking as I set here of what my marm used to say, "Those that have been in the oven look there for their friends." (*All laugh.*)

MRS. SMART (*raps*). I think the fairest way will be to call for your reports alphabetically. In doing so Mrs. Samantha Blunt will come first on the list.

MRS. BLUNT. Well, I dun know as I sense what you mean by that 'ere big word, but I'd as soon read fust as last. I've got my dollar and I got it honest too. (*She opens her paper in a clumsy manner, comes forward, and reads in a loud voice.*) "How I Earned My Dollar." When I began to look around to see what I could do to earn a dollar I thought I'd got myself into a pretty scrape, for not a blessed way could I think on. You all know my husband, Jonathan Blunt, and you know just what a stingy, close-fisted man he is, so there's no use of pertending that his wings have pricked through his overcoat yet. I knew that no matter how I earned my dollar he'd declare 'twas hisn, so I couldn't ask a few more cents for my milk and butter than I had been a-doing and get a dollar that way. If I dug dandelions and sold them to market he'd claim the money, as the land on which I dug 'em was hisn. I had enamost gin up a-trying, when a real slick young fellow came to the house and wanted to know if I had any old furniture to sell. Our house is a-running over full of it, some bought in the time of Adam, but I daresn't sell any on't. I told the young fellar all about it, as I don't believe in lying. He sorter laughed and said, "You must have something of your own you could sell." I told him I didn't know that

I had one thing I could call my very own. Well, he kept on a-talking and finally I happened to think of an old trunk I kept under my bed and hadn't opened for years. When I opened it the fust thing I laid my eyes on was a bundle of old letters, all bound round with a blue ribbon. 'Twas the letters Jonathan wrote me afore we was married, when I *did* have something of my own. The young fellar seemed so anxious to read one on 'em that I let him. He read one right out loud. "My Own Dear Little Sweetheart:—Your eyes are like the stars, your teeth are like pearls, your hair is like spun gold, your cheeks are like the red, red rose, you are divine, too lovely to be human." There was a lot more of such nonsense, and it did seem to tickle that fellar awfully. He said he'd give me a dollar and thirty-seven cents for the whole lot. At first I didn't think I could sell 'em, for I knew Jonathan would claim the money, cause he paid for the postage stamps and the paper they was writ on. The fellar said he wanted them to sell to a Boston Sunday newspaper, and wished he'd got a picter of me to go with 'em. I found one in the trunk taken the very day I was married. How that fellar laughed when he looked at it! I suppose he was so *glad* to get it. He'd look at the picter and laugh and then look at me and laugh. Well, he seemed to want the letters and picter so bad that I let him have them. He's going to have them printed in the Sunday paper with my picter right alongside and he's going to write a piece to go with them named "The Hallucinations of a Man Intoxicated with Love." I don't sense what that means but he said 'twas the truth. Now that's the way I earned my dollar and I do hope Jonathan won't find me out. I think he copied them letters from an old Letter Writer and, my land! of course he's forgot how I looked when I was married. At any rate he hain't spoke of my being pretty for years.

*(Puts money in basket; sits.)*

*(During the reading of all the reports, the ladies indicate their approval or otherwise by nods, etc. Mlle. FRANCAISE and Miss UPTODATE are much amused.)*

MLLE. FRANCAISE (*clasps her hands and exclaims*). O ze bu-ti-ful lof lettaires! How could you sell 'em? I keeps zem all ways and for-ev-er. O ze bu-ti-ful lof and ze lof lettaires!

GRANDMA WISE. Humph! Law sakes, child! Love letters ain't all there is to love. There's lots and lots of things mixed up with it.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Oh, Grandma! Like ze what?

GRANDMA WISE. Oh, divorces, quarrels, and I have hearn tell of murders.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Oh, ter-ri-ble! ter-ri-ble! You makes me, vat you calls it? Oh, ze a-fraid!

GRANDMA WISE. Humph! You needn't be scairt about it as I knows on. If anybody wants you, go ahead and marry 'em. I guess you can stand it, the same as the rest of us have had to.

MISS PRIM. I don't see how you could part with those beautiful letters. All blissful sentimentality must have withered in your bosom.

MRS. BLUNT. Well, Octavia, you needn't bother yourself about parting with love letters, for you'll never have any. If you know when you're well off you won't han-ker arter them, either. I advise yer to let *well enough* alone.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Mrs. Maria Doolittle, you may read your report.

MRS. DOOLITTLE (*who is nodding over her work*). Oh, do I come next? I shall be glad to get it over with. (*She steps forward and reads in a drawling tone.*) "How I Earned My Dollar." Nobody knows how scared I was when I found I'd got to earn a dollar, for I'd never earned a cent in my life. I was born and brought up on a farm where I helped with the house-work and also helped my father doing farmwork. He used to say that I could do more work than three of the boys, but I never earned any money in my life. I used to get awfully tired a-working on the farm and when I was eighteen married Thomas Doolittle to get rested, and I've been a-resting ever since. I've been the mother of nine children, all grown up and gone except Hepsy. I'm dreadful afraid she's a-going to be a useless old maid.

She seems bright enough. She's librarian down in the city, teaches night school, is President of a Woman's Club, runs the Red Cross Society, is something in the D. A. R.'s, belongs to the Rebeccas and Eastern Stars, but she don't seem to get a man, and I am worried to death fearing she'll be a *useless* old maid. When I told Thomas about earning a dollar he said, "Why, Maria, how can you earn a dollar?" He knew I never earned one in my life. I asked him if there wasn't something I could do in the garden that he could give me a dollar for, and he said that a woman was supposed to work for her husband for nothing, and that wouldn't be *earning* a dollar. Of course Thomas knew best, so I didn't say no more. All at once he spoke up and said, "Maria, I'll give you a dollar if you'll never go to the polls and vote again." You bet I was surprised to know how easy I could earn my dollar. I voted last fall and I kinder thought Thomas wa'n't very much pleased about it, though he didn't say nothing. He says my housework, helping him in the garden, splitting the kindlings, and making butter and cheese is about all a woman as delicate as I be ought to do. We've been married a good many years, but Thomas thinks a lot of me yet. That's the way I earned my dollar, and you don't know how pleased I am to know that at last I've earned some money. (*Puts money in basket; sits.*)

MISS PRIM. How perfectly lovely for husband and wife to dwell together in love!

MISS UPTODATE. Don't that give you a jolt? Miss Prim, you are a very innocent old kid.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Mrs. Martha Easygoing, please read your report.

MRS. EASYGOING (*reads in a monotone*). "How I Earned My Dollar." I earned my dollar easier than I thought I should. My boy, Johnny, has been wanting a sweater for a long time, but his father hain't felt that he could buy him one, taxes being so high and the prices going up on everything. Johnny saved every cent he earned, and when he got two dollars, off he went to the clothing store to get his sweater. He came back feeling pretty blue, for the clothing man told him that sweaters

were four dollars and a half apiece. He knew it would be a long time before he could get the other two dollars and fifty cents and I did pity him as I knew that his father wouldn't feel like giving him one cent. Finally I told him that probably he'd never get enough to buy one, and then I told him about the poor Esquimaux, Mexicans and Indians that our Benevolent Society was helping and asked him if he didn't think it would be nice for him to give me one of his dollars for charity. I told him that he could keep the other dollar and come summer he could pick berries and run errands and perhaps by winter he'd have enough to buy a sweater. At first he didn't appear to want to let me have it, but when I made him see how much more the people in foreign lands needed fans, beads and story books than he did a sweater, he threw the money at me and said, "Gee! if anybody wants the money more than me, let 'em have it!" He felt so sorry for the poor foreign people that he was almost crying, and grabbed his cap and rushed out of doors. That's the way I earned my dollar.

(*Puts her money in basket; sits.*)

GRANDMA WISE. Earned it! I should say you *stole* it. Earned it indeed! I'm ashamed for yer.

MRS. TOPLOFT. A parent has a right to his children's earnings and I do not believe in pampering a boy's vanity.

MRS. EASYGOING. Why, he *wanted* me to have it, real bad, or I wouldn't have took it.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Mlle. Hermaline Francaise will now read her report.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Madam Press-i-dent, I now reads to you how I earns ze dollairst. I know not how to earn ze dollairst when first I begins. I ask mine friend, Leo, would he tell me ze way. He say he know not ze way. Bime-by he laugh and say, "I give ze dollairst for ze kees, n'est ce pas?" I say, "Bad, bad Leo. I sell not ze keeses." Zen he say, "For me you knits ze pretty tie and gets ze dollairst." I knits ze tie and he gifs me ze dollairst and a *kees* to go wiz et. I keeps ze kees and gifs you ze dollairst. (*Puts her money in basket; sits.*)

MISS PRIM. Water! water! bring me some water!

I am so shocked I know I shall faint! Let a man kiss you! Oh, it is scandalous!

*(Business of fainting; no one notices it.)*

GRANDMA WISE. I suppose I might let you sniff my salts, but I guess you ain't so shocked as you might be.

MRS. RIGHTEOUS. She'll come to if you let her alone.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. I do nozzing bad. Me and Leo has ze engaged. We be ze married next month.

MISS PRIM *(having recovered)*. That makes no difference. That money is *tainted*. We ought not accept it. Such actions are not allowed in the best society.

MISS SENSIBLE. You don't read the papers, do you, Miss Prim?

MISS PRIM. I don't have to in order to know what is decent.

MRS. EASYGOING. I think myself that the girls nowadays are pretty bold and forward.

GRANDMA WISE. Martha Easygoing, don't you say one word. It ain't half so bad to kiss your beau as 'tis to *steal* from your own flesh and blood. You can all let that gal alone. She hain't done nothing bad. Little gal, you go right on kissing your beau all you want to. It won't hurt him nor you nuther. Miss Prim would like a chance, I reckon.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Thanks to ze good Grandma.

MRS. SMART *(raps)*. Mrs. Miranda Knowall, our Secretary, is next on the list.

MRS. KNOWALL *(very pompously)*. Madam President, of course there were so many, many ways by which I could earn a dollar it was quite a difficult task for me to decide just what I should do. When a woman is as a bright and shining light among her sister women, it naturally takes time and forethought to select the best way to earn a sum of money. Now I not only wanted to earn a dollar for our treasury but to earn it in such a way that I should feel that I had benefited some one. After putting much thought into the matter I fixed upon a plan. My husband's niece, who lives in an adjoining town, is to be married soon. Accordingly I invited her to come and spend a week with me. She isn't so very



young, being over thirty. She's always been obliged to earn her own living. She went out doing housework when she was a young girl, taught school for five years, did dressmaking for a while and for the last four or five years has been in a hospital as a nurse. When she came I told her frankly about my plan for earning a dollar and told her to ask me anything and everything she wanted to know and I would give her all the information she desired, just for the sum of one dollar. Somehow she didn't ask me many questions and only stayed two days, but I gave her a great deal of information and I know she was a much wiser woman when she went home than when she came. When she got ready to leave she passed me a dollar and said, "Aunt Miranda, I fear that you are suffering with a very common disease, known as an 'enlarged cranium.'" Before she could say another word the trolley cars came and she got in and went off. I was very sorry as I wanted to ask her more about the disease. I haven't felt real well of late and if I thought the doctors knew more than I do I should see one, but of course they *don't*. However, I do feel a bit worried, being that she is a nurse.

*(Puts her money in basket; sits.)*

MRS. THRIFTY. I wouldn't feel at all worried, Mrs. Knowall. You've had that disease ever since you were born and you are alive yet.

GRANDMA WISE. 'Tain't a disease that kills the one who's got it.

MISS SENSIBLE. It only kills their associates. Is that it, Grandma?

MRS. KNOWALL. Strange, you all seem to know about this disease and I never heard of it.

MISS UPTODATE. Now what do you know about that? Something that our efficient Secretary *doesn't* know! Wouldn't that jar your slats?

MRS. SMART (*raps loudly*). Miss Octavia Prim, your report, if you please.

MISS PRIM (*simpering*). Madam President, a young and naturally sentimental girl can often express herself

in poetry better than in prose and for that reason I submit my report in rhyme.

A young and blushing damsel  
Must very careful be,  
To do nothing that's improper;  
That, of course, refers to me.

Upon the street on which I dwell,  
In a lonely habitation,  
Lives Jason Jones, a widower,  
Who does need consolation.

He's five small children, that to me  
Do look so cute and cunning,  
As I watch them, making their mud pies,  
And cross the street go running.

Now Jason Jones, who owns these dears,  
Has no one to keep them clean,  
To mend their clothes or wash their ears,  
And keep them fit to be seen.

I thought I'd go and offer aid,  
And in that way earn my dollar,  
In doing this I bashful felt,

MISS UPTODATE (*to Mlle. Francaise*). "You bet your scalp she did."

(*All laugh. Miss PRIM looks scornfully at Miss UPTODATE and reads on.*)

For I didn't know *what* might follow.

He told me I might come next day,  
O how it makes me blush, (*All laugh.*)  
And sit right down in his first wife's chair,  
And sew until 'twas dusk.

I got the children mended up,  
Before the clock struck four,  
Then Jason said he'd go inside,  
Perhaps he'd find some more.

The poor dear man then went inside,  
And I did set and rest,  
Until he came a-bringing me  
His Sunday coat and vest.

Oh, the pure delight that I did feel,  
As in them I put stitches!  
He didn't bring the rest of the suit,  
I wondered where was the—(*Giggles.*) er—  
er—rest of the suit.

I enjoyed working on the children's clothes,  
Though they were awfully torn,  
But I most did like to handle the clothes  
That Jason Jones had worn.

(*Puts her money in basket; sits.*)

MRS. BLUNT. What idiots we meet with in our travels.

MRS. RIGHTEOUS. I never knew it was the proper thing to run after a man, but I suppose times have changed.

GRANDMA WISE. I don't care a rap if times have changed. There ain't no use chasing the men; let the men do the running.

MISS UPTODATE. Oh, Grandma, you're way off your base! We girls do have to do some pretty lively vamping to get a fellow these days. I'll tell the world the boys are dead slow when it comes to jazzing to the little old wedding march.

MRS. RIGHTEOUS. Well, I don't blame 'em. If the girls are like some I've seen, I'd keep clear of them.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Mrs. Phoebe Righteous, you are next in turn.

MRS. RIGHTEOUS (*reads hesitatingly*). How I Earned My Dollar. To earn a dollar seemed a great undertaking for me and if Providence hadn't helped me out I don't know where I'd got my dollar to bring here to-day. My husband's wealthy nephew lives in Boston and goes to some school there. It has a great, long name. It sounds

like Tacks on Knowledge. Well, this nephew came up to our house to "spend the week-end" he said. *He* probably knew what he meant, but *I* didn't, but he came just the same. I always was a master hand to play checkers. Now if I do say it, who hadn't orter, I can beat most everybody at the game and my man knows it.

We got to talking about the game and William, that's the nephew's name, said that he could beat the man who invented the game. "You can't beat your Aunt Phoebe," my husband said. "Bet your life I can," said William, turning up his nose at the very idea. Now this was my time, and I asked him if he would give me a dollar if I could beat him. "Sure Mike!" he said. He uses queer language but they teach all kinds of language at the schools nowadays. I beat him so quick and he was so worked up over it that he wanted to keep right on playing. Just to humor him I did, and beat him every game. After we had played five games he handed me a five-dollar bill and went off to bed. That's the way I earned my dollar. I'll give you *two* dollars of it and keep the other three to pay to the church, seeing I got it so easy.

*(Puts her money in basket; sits.)*

MRS. TOPLOFT. I may be in the wrong, but to me the whole proceeding savors somewhat of gambling. I really wonder if it is right for us to accept money gotten in such a questionable manner.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Oh, Madam Right-e-ous, your money has ze *taint* on it, like mine has!

MRS. RIGHTEUS. William might have been gambling, but I didn't put up any money so I didn't. I played to earn a dollar for charity.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Oh, I see, I see! It is not ze same. Your money has only half ze *taint*.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Miss Mollie Sensible, please read your report.

MISS SENSIBLE. I earned my dollar in so many ways that I am really at a loss to tell you just how I earned it. Of course you know I teach the village school and receive a very munificent salary! I might have taken one of those hard-earned dollars but I chose to do other-

wise. One night after school was dismissed I went home, got a pail and knife, went down to the meadow and dug dandelions. These I sold my mother for twenty-five cents. The next evening my brother wanted some buttons sewed on his jacket. Instead of doing it for nothing as I usually do, I charged him five cents. Father was going to town next day and I suggested that he pay me twenty cents for blacking his boots. My sum had now attained the dignity of half a dollar. One evening the whole family attended a church sociable. I remained at home and put twenty-five cents, the price of admission, with my precious half dollar. I am very fond of cream on my oatmeal, and I use lots of it. I asked my mother if she would give me ten cents every morning I went without it. She almost fainted and said she would give me twenty-five cents if I would stop being so silly. At last I had my dollar, for I eagerly accepted the quarter. I used all the cream I wanted so I think my last amount was earned by not being silly.

MISS UPTODATE. Well, what do you know about that! Believe me, I'd have gone to that sociable if I'd walked on my head.

MRS. KNOWALL. Thank goodness, we are not all alike.

MRS. TOPLOFT. It is surely refreshing to know that there is such a difference in human beings.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). I believe I come next and will now read my report of how I earned my dollar. When the Ashville Benevolent Society voted to hold their meeting with me to-day I was well aware that my house must be cleaned and renovated from garret to cellar, otherwise I should never hear the last of it. It is perfectly natural for a woman to look around to discover filth and dirt in other people's homes notwithstanding there may be cart loads in her own. Pardon me for speaking so plainly, but I know whereof I speak. My literary duties, as President of this society, renders it impossible for me to do my own housecleaning, and as my husband is very generous in money matters I am under no obligations to do so. For some time I have employed the Widow Bean, who has six small children to support, to

do my work. I have been paying her twelve cents an hour, as that is what others gave her. You will all agree with me that her price is too high, but out of the kindness of my heart I have paid it without a word. To go all over my house was considerable of an undertaking and would keep her busy for several days.

As my money was to be used for charity I thought it right and proper to ask the Widow Bean to come down on her price. She had the effrontery to tell me that she didn't feel that she was in any condition to do charitable acts. When I told her that I should have some one else do the work, if she did not consent to do it at *half price*, that settled it. She agreed to clean my whole house for six cents an hour, saying that in order to get the bare necessities of life for her children she must do all the work she could get at *any price*. I thought that she took a very sensible view of the matter. During the next three days she worked in all twenty-seven hours, for which, you will see at once, I paid her one dollar and sixty-two cents. At the price she asks regularly I should have been obliged to have given her three dollars and twenty-four cents. Those of you who have sufficient education to work out this problem will see that I not only earned one dollar but one dollar and twenty-four cents, all of which I gladly donate to the society.

*(Puts her money in basket; sits.)*

GRANDMA WISE. Well of all the proceedings! My stars and garters! What are we a-coming to?

MRS. DOOLITTLE. That was a dreadful cute way to earn a dollar. Nobody but Mrs. Smart would have thought of it.

GRANDMA WISE. Sakes alive! I'm *plaguey* glad we hain't got any more like her.

MLLE. FRANCAISE. Don't yous like ze money, Grandma? Has et ze taint too?

GRANDMA WISE. Humph! Tainted nothing, it's rotten!

MRS. SMART (*raps loudly*). Like all philanthropists I feel that I am misjudged. Mrs. Thrifty, our Treasurer, will now read her report.

MRS. THRIFTY (*reads very decisively*). Madam President, my motto through life has always been to waste nothing, neither time, clothes, bread crumbs or a person's feelings. I knew at once just what course I should take to get my money. It really seemed as if this plan of Mrs. Toploft's had been adopted for my benefit.

Four years ago my husband raised some popping corn that wouldn't pop. We did every known thing to it but still it wouldn't pop. Obadiah got so disgusted with it that he turned it down on the garret floor, and thought that perhaps it might be good for something later on. The rats and mice got into it and run over it, but we put the cat up there nights and kept them away all we could. I told Obadiah what I planned to do with that corn and as he had no use for it he told me to go ahead. I did. I took that corn, shelled it off the cob, picked up ~~what~~ what was on the garret floor, washed it and dried it in the oven and made it look real stomachable. Then I measured it. There was just five quarts of it. I sent one of the boys down to the paper mill to beg some paper and we made pint bags. We had just ten bags, you see, by putting it into the pint bags, and the boys took it over to Westvale and sold it round to the houses for ten cents a bag. They thought they'd better go to Westvale to sell it where nobody knew them and I thought so too. They had no trouble in selling it for they told the folks that it was a *new* variety. That was the truth because it was entirely new. That's the way I earned my dollar.

(*Puts her money in basket; sits.*)

MRS. KNOWALL. I must say that I do not approve of bringing up children to be deceitful.

MRS. THRIFTY. Mrs. Knowall, we need money to carry on our noble work and I believe in getting all we can in all the ways we can. If people will believe all that children say and are foolish enough to buy of peddlers I don't care if they do get cheated, so there!

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Mrs. Betsy Toploft, your report, if you please.

MRS. TOPLOFT (*pompously*). Of course, as every one

in Ashville knows, money is of little consequence in my home; that is to say, I have only to make known my wants and out of my dear husband's abundance plenty of money is supplied me. Under such conditions as these all that it was necessary for me to do was to ask my husband for a dollar to be put into the treasury of this society and it would, at once, be forthcoming. But it was stipulated in the bond (that, ladies, is a familiar saying of Shakespeare, although you of course are not aware of it), that we must not ask our husbands for it. A lady of my standing cannot do any menial work so I originated a plan wholly of my own designing. In all probability no woman ever has thought of it. My husband's clothes are arranged on a chair at night in a very orderly manner. Every garment has its own individual place, so you will understand that his pants, or more properly speaking, his trousers, are very easy of access.

On the eventful night of which I am speaking we retired at about ten-thirty. After two hours of waiting came the welcome sound of snoring. In a few minutes the roar of the Niagara was as naught to that which emerged from his throat. Stealthily I reached for those trousers, took some money from the pockets, I am not disclosing just how much, and returned to bed for a peaceful night's rest, for I had earned my dollar.

*(Puts her money in basket; sits.)*

GRANDMA WISE. Speaking of Shakespeare. Land sakes! I know some too that jest fits in here. "On horror's head horrors accumulate." I learned that out of my reader when I was a gal. I think maybe it was Mr. Macbeth that said it.

MRS. BLUNT. Any woman who has a husband that snores earns her money forty times over and hadn't orter be obliged to pick his pockets to get it either. I declare some nights I feel like setting out on the porch all night, but I don't think 'twould make much difference as you can hear my man snore for a considerable distance, I can tell yer.

MRS. SMART (*raps*). Miss Dorothy Uptodate will now read her report.



MISS UPTODATE. Madam President and Ladies of the Ashville Benevolent Society. (*Ahem-ahem.*) Believe me, I had more fun earning my dollar than a barrel of monkeys. I'd like to earn one in the same way every day in the week. You all know Captain Murray who lives in the big house on the hill. I had always been told that he was a stingy, cross old "bohunks." You know he has a greenhouse just running over full of the most wonderful flowers. Such "oodles" of roses, and the lilies, well I should smile! Now I knew that there was to be a ball game over to Memorial Park and I thought if I only had some roses I'd go over and sell them to the boys and earn some money, but I hadn't even the smell of a flower. All at once I had a bright idea in my think-box and I planned to go over after dark and swipe some of Captain Murray's roses. As long as the money was going for charity I knew there could be no harm in it. I waited until it was quite dark so as to be sure that the old chap was snugly tucked in his little bed, then I grabbed the basket and beat it. With the help of my sidewalk slappers I navigated to the back of the house, and,—what do you know? Right on the back piazza sat Captain Murray as big as life. Now let me tell you right here that the man that I thought was an old "tight wad" is just too "spoofy" for anything. He said just as nice as if I had been one of his old flames, "Good-evening, little girl, I am more than pleased to receive a call from you." Well, say! you could have knocked me for a row of gooseberries, but I caught on to myself and gave him the glad hand, and said, "Good-evening, I am so happy to meet you." Then I told him that I was a member of this Benevolent Society and all about our scheme to raise money, so that we could send gewgaws to the poor foreigners. He laughed till he was red in the face when I told him about the lovely things we had already sent. When he closed his laughing trap I told him that I had come over to ask him to donate a few roses to sell for sweet charity. The dear old duck told me that I had the right dope and to take all I wanted. You can bet I filled my basket. He invited me in, to tickle the ivories and warble a little for him, and asked me to come

again. I had a wonderful time entertaining that swell old couple, for I found his other half to be just as friendly as he was. I took those roses, went to the Park, sold them to the ball kids for ten cents apiece, raked in four dollars, *all* of which I give to the Ashville Benevolent Society.

*(Puts her money in basket; counts 1, 2, 3, 4, and sits.)*

MRS. TOPLOFT. Dear, dear me! The young people of to-day are most assuredly sadly lacking in manners and morals.

MISS PRIM. The language that Dorothy Uptodate uses ought not be tolerated. How can we accept her —

MRS. SMART *(raps furiously)*. Mrs. Prudence Wise, or as we all call her, Grandma, will now report how she earned her dollar.

GRANDMA *(she does not rise but speaks sitting)*. I didn't earn no dollar so I hain't got no report to make. Here's a dollar. I don't know how 'twas earned and I dun know as I care as long as I've got it. *(Passes it to MISS PRIM, who sits beside her, who puts it in the basket.)* I don't suppose that anybody thought that a woman of my age would go a galivanting around acting as if I was half-baked, trying to make out I was *earning* a dollar.

All you women folks have known me ever since you was born and you know I say just what I think and don't care a rap whether you like it or not. Now I've got a little benevolent work of my own to do and I'm a-going to speak a few remarks about it. I put a ten-dollar bill into this 'ere bag of mine when I started out this arternoon and was a-going to put it into that 'ere basket, but I've changed my mind, in order to do some charity work on my own hook. I've sot here this arternoon and hearn your reports and larned a good deal about every one on yer. Now I'll tell you all what I think about yer way of earning your dollars.

Samantha Blunt sold her old love letters to get *her* money. That was all right, as the young feller who bought 'em knew jest what he was a-getting when he took 'em. Nobody was *cheated*; and them kind of folks

who read Sunday papers when they should be reading something better will probably get lots of fun out of Samantha's letters and picter.

Maria Doolittle, poor thing, who thinks she never has earned any money, sold her vote and her liberty to get her money. Yes, sold her *vote* and her *liberty* for *one* dollar. Well, I shan't say anything to her. The men often do the same thing and why shouldn't Maria?

Martha Easygoing, you know just exactly what I think of you, a-taking your boy's money when he wanted a sweater. I declare, you don't deserve to have a boy. Now this is where *my* charity work begins. Martha, you send that boy of yours over to my house to-morrow morning and I'll set him to work around the yard for a while and when he comes home at noon he'll have as good a sweater as there is in the clothing store.

MRS. EASYGOING. Thank you, Grandma. He'll be awfully pleased, I know. I'll send him real early.

GRANDMA WISE (*continuing*). Little Miss Frenchy here earned her money, fair and square, by knitting a tie for her beau. She got well paid for it, and I'm glad she did. Let me know when you get married and I'll send you something real nice.

(MLLE. says, "*Thanks, Good Grandma.*")

Miranda Knowall sold some of her brains to get her dollar. That was all right too. *If* Miranda has got any brains to sell, why I suppose she's got a perfect right to sell 'em.

You can't any of you say that Octavia Prim didn't earn her money, a-cleaning up Jason Jones' young ones and mending his rags.

Now, Octavia, if you want Jason Jones I do hope to mercy you'll get him, but let me tell you one thing, mending a man's clothes and taking care of his young ones afore you are married is very different from doing it arter you are married.

Phoebe Righteous gambled for her money, but as long as she didn't know it and as she probably took a good deal of the consate out of that nephew of hers I guess, arter all, she did a good job.

Mollie Sensible took lots of ways to earn her dollar but she didn't *cheat* anybody or do anything improper. We orter have more like her in our club.

Matilda Thrifty, if I knew just where them boys of yourn sold that dirty old corn I'd go myself and give every one on 'em ten cents. I don't, so I can't do anything about it. All is, if them boys grow up to be honest, upright men you won't have yourself to thank for it.

The way I look at Mrs. Betsy Toploft's performance is this: What's hern is hisn and what's hisn is hern.

Dorothy Uptodate is a queer girl, yes, a very queer girl. She's real pretty but I'm afraid she knows it. She does dress funny for a gal, and uses queer words, but she's young yet and thinks she knows it all. Now if Dorothy had 'a' stolen the Captain's roses I'd go and pay him for every one on 'em, but as long as he give 'em to her it's all right. I'm drefful glad, Dorothy, you had such a good time a-selling them to the boys. If there's anything I like to see it's the young folks having a good time.

Mrs. Hannah Smart is "Our President," yes, "Our Honored President," and because she is "Our Honored President" I ain't a-going to say one word about the way she—well—well—*got* her money.

All is, I am going to call on the Widder Bean to-morrow morning, and when I come away I shall leave a five-dollar bill a-laying on her table. That's what I'm going to do with the rest of the ten dollars that I *didn't* put into the basket. There, I feel better now I've freed my mind.

*(Ladies begin to talk excitedly. MRS. SMART raps loudly and says "Order! Order!" Confusion ceases.)*

MRS. SMART (*very dignified*). I feel that we have spent a profitable and pleasant afternoon. Nothing has occurred to mar the spirit of harmony that exists among us. Mrs. Knowall may now count the money in the basket before it is given to Mrs. Thrifty.

*(Business of counting money by MRS. KNOWALL.)*

MRS. KNOWALL. There, there's just seventeen dollars and twenty-four cents. You will all please remember, seventeen dollars and twenty-four cents.

(MRS. KNOWALL *passes basket to* MRS. THRIFTY *who passes it to* MISS SENSIBLE.)

MRS. THRIFTY. I'm very glad to have Miranda Knowall count it. Now I want Miss Sensible to count it. I can depend on *her*.

MISS SENSIBLE (*counts money*). Just as she says, seventeen dollars and twenty-four cents.

MRS. THRIFTY (*business of adding on paper*). Which, added to the thirteen dollars and thirty cents now in the treasury, makes thirty dollars and fifty-four cents. All please remember, thirty dollars and fifty-four cents.

MRS. SMART. Quite a snug little sum. Now if Grandma had put in her ten dollars —

GRANDMA WISE. But I *didn't* put it in. I've got to pay *your* debts and buy Martha's boy a sweater. I won't have this society a-cheating anybody.

MRS. SMART (*raps quickly*). We will now proceed to close. The young ladies will pick up the work. (*Business of picking up work*.) Ladies, please stand and repeat our motto. Perhaps it will be well for our Secretary to *read* our motto before we repeat it as some of you have not yet committed it perfectly.

MRS. KNOWALL (*reads*). We are banded together to promote benevolence, honesty, truthfulness, harmony and love. We abhor and will strive to root out all deceitfulness, conceit, backbiting, gossip, falsehood and frivolity from our village.

(*Ladies stand and repeat, not keeping together, but making a farce of it. MRS. DOOLITTLE draws out the words, "from our village," after the others are through repeating it.*)

MRS. SMART (*raps*). The meeting is adjourned.

CURTAIN



## GOOD-EVENING, CLARICE

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

By J. C. McMullen

Five males, six females. Playing time, approximately two hours. Costumes of the present day. Scene—a single interior. Annette Franklin, a jealous wife, has been raising a little domestic war over her husband's supposed infatuation for a noted dancer, Clarice de Mauree. How Annette was proven wrong in her supposition, cured of her jealousy, and found her long lost parents, makes a comedy, which, while easy of production, proves very effective in the presentation. The part of Clarice, the dancer, gives the opportunity for an excellent female character lead. All of the other parts are of equal importance and the situations fairly radiate comedy and swift moving action. This new play has already made its public debut in manuscript form, having been used with great success on the Pacific coast. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance by the same cast. Professional rates will be quoted on request.

### SCENES

Act I.—Living-room of the Franklin residence, Buffalo, N. Y., 7:15 P. M.

Act II.—The same, 8:15 P. M.

Act III.—The same, 9:00 P. M.

*Price, 50 cents.*

## HIS UNCLE'S NIECE

A Rollicking Farce in Three Acts.

By Raymond W. Sargent

Six males, three females. Scenery not difficult. The plot of this hilarious farce centres around a letter received by Francis Felton from his Uncle Simon of Happy Valley Junction, who has always supposed that Francis was of the opposite sex. The letter announces that the uncle has selected a husband for his niece and that they are both on the way to New York to make final arrangements for the wedding. In desperation, to keep up a deception started years before by his parents, Francis assumes a female character rôle in order to carry out a provision whereby he is to receive a million dollar bequest from his uncle. The explanations made necessary through this change are amusing and realistic. The dénouement is a surprise and one that will lift the audience to its feet with applause. You have seen Charley's Aunt on the professional stage, and here is a chance for amateurs to act in a play that is even better suited to their requirements.

### CHARACTERS

#### SCENES

Act I.—Interior of Francis Felton's and Richard Tate's bachelor establishment at Boston.

Act II.—Same as Act I. Afternoon of the same day.

Act III.—Exterior of Uncle Simon's summer home at Happy Valley Junction. Evening; three days later.

TIME: Midsummer.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

*Price, 35 cents.*

# SUNSHINE

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By Walter Ben Hare

Four males, seven females. Scene, one simple exterior, easily arranged with a small lot of potted plants and rustic furniture. This charming play was really written to order, to satisfy an ever growing demand for a comedy that could be used either as a straight play or as a musical comedy. The author has arranged a happy and realistic blend of the two types of entertainment, and the catchy tunes which he has suggested should find favor in the amateur field. The story leads the audience a merry chase from snappy farce to real drama (with just a flavoring of the melodramatic) which modern audiences find so pleasing. Here we find a great character part in a popular baseball hero, who succeeds in making a home run in more ways than one, a wonderful leading lady rôle in the part of Mary; a hypochondriac, who finds his medicine most pleasant to the taste; an old maid who mourns the loss of her parrot, and a Sis Hopkins type of girl with the exuberance of spirit that keeps the audience on its mettle. The Major is a character of great possibilities and in the hands of a capable actor much can be made of it. Sunshine is the sort of play that will live for years, as its very atmosphere is permeated with good will toward the world at large. We cannot too highly recommend this play, written by an author with scores of successes behind him and not a single failure. Royalty \$10.00 for the first performance and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance given by the same cast.

*Price, 50 cents.*

## CHARACTERS

MAUDELLIA McCANN, *aged ten.*

MRS. BUNCH McCANN, *of Detroit, the mother.*

MRS. SOL WHIPPLE, *of Whipple's Corners, Conn., the country lady.*

MISS TESSIE MITFORD, *the mental case.*

MR. JUBA K. BUTTERNIP, *of Peoria, Ill., the old man.*

MISS GREGORY, *the nurse.*

BUDDY BRADY, *of New York, the ball player.*

MAJOR KELLICOTT, *the speculator.*

JIM ANTHONY, *he's engaged.*

SYLVIA DEANE, *she's engaged.*

MARY, *"Sunshine."*

BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCENE: The lawn at Sunshine Sanitarium, near New York City.

ACT I.—Morning.

ACT II.—Afternoon.

ACT III.—Night.

Time of playing: Two hours.



## STEP OUT—JACK!

An Optimistic Comedy in Three Acts.

*By Harry Osborne*

A successful vehicle for talented amateurs. Twelve males (can be played with less), five females. Costumes modern. Scenery, three simple interiors. Jack Rysdale is "down and out." All he has in the world are the clothes on his back and the love in his heart for the wealthy and beautiful Zoe Galloway. He dare not ask her to marry him until he has made his way in the world. Zoe loves him, and while the girls in New York do nearly everything else, they do not propose—yet. Jack's fighting spirit is about gone when he meets a man named Wilder, who is a natural fighter and knows how to bring out the fighting qualities in others. From him Jack learns that he has a dangerous rival in Percy Lyons. He learns that if he is going to get anywhere in this world, he can't stand in line and await his turn but must step out and "go get it." He learns more from Wilder in ten minutes than he absorbed in a whole year in college. So, figuratively speaking, he steps out, takes the middle of the road and "gives 'er gas." Once started, nothing can stop him until he has attained his object. Every girl will fall in love with Jack and every man and boy will admire his pluck and courage. Zoe is a matrimonial prize on fourteen different counts, and her chum, Cynthia, a close second. Wilder is a regular man's man who can convince any one who doesn't wear ear muffs that black is white and vice-versa. Then there is Percy Lyons, who never stayed out very late, Clarence Galloway, a rich man's son looking for a job, Buddie the office boy, who is broken-hearted if he misses a ball game, and Bernice Williams, who thinks she is a regular little Home Wrecker but isn't. An artistic and box office success for clever amateurs.

ACT I.—Private Office of R. W. Wilder.

ACT II.—Library—John Galloway's Home.

ACT III.—Rysdale's office.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: New York City.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 50 cents.....Royalty, \$10.00

## THE SHOW ACTRESS

A Comedy in One Act.

*By J. C. McMullen*

Two males, four females. Costumes, country of the present day. Playing time about forty minutes. Scene, dining-room of the Martin Homestead, Hillville, Vt. A burlesque troupe is stranded in the little village of Hillville. Goldie, the star, is taken in by the Martins. Her adventures with the cow at milking time, and with the domestic cook-stove are a scream. She eventually restores the Martins' lost daughter, captures the thief robbing the village bank and marries Zek'l, the bashful village constable. Full of action. All parts good, Goldie the lead, and Zek'l, the bashful lover, being particularly effective.

Price, 25 cents.

# JUST PLAIN MARY

A Comedy in Two Acts

*By Gladys Ruth Bridgham*

Seven males, thirteen females. Scenes, an easy exterior and an interior. Plays two hours. What seems to be for two thrilling acts a dark plot against Judkins turns out to mean big money for him and big luck for "Just Plain Mary." Rustic eccentric character in great abundance.

*Price, 35 cents*

## CHARACTERS

DANIEL JUDKINS, aged 70.	
EZEKIEL JUDKINS, aged 19	} <i>his sons.</i>
HEZEKIAH JUDKINS, aged 8	
REV. JOHN ANDREWS, aged 30.	
AUSTIN GEORGE, aged 30.	
HIRAM PAISLEY, aged 45.	
JOEL SANBORN, aged 13.	
FRANCINE DUMONT, aged 18.	
NAOMI JUDKINS, aged 21	} <i>Daniel's daughters.</i>
MARTHA JUDKINS, aged 15	
RUTH JUDKINS, aged 10	
MIRANDA HAWKINS, aged 40.	
LAVINIA HERSEY, aged 20.	
ELECTA TARBOX, aged 35.	
VIOLET WEBSTER, aged 19.	
LEILA HASTINGS, aged 20.	
ETHEL WYMAN, aged 20.	
EVELYN, aged 15.	
ALICE, aged 15.	
IRENE, aged 15.	

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Garden of Daniel Judkins' home—a New England village. An afternoon in September.

ACT II.—Living-room in the Judkins' home. Ten days later; evening.

## CIN'M'BUNS

A Sketch in One Act

*By Frances Homer Schreiner*

Two males, two females. Scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Prue meets her "ideal" by accident, takes him for the new organist and feeds him with buns, but her romance survives this mischance. All straight characters.

*Price, 25 cents*

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